

the dried mummies of cold formalism into breathing, vital power by magnificent but empty ceremonials. They turn to lifeless rituals and formal creeds, but every such search is doomed to disappointment.

Life for us and for the world is to be found only in him who liveth and was dead and behold is alive forever more.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

Z. T. LIVENGOOD

According to the Scriptures, Jesus was crucified on Friday and rose "upon the first day of the week." Upon the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead stands or falls the whole Christian fabric. His resurrection has stood the criticism of the greatest critics for nearly nineteen hundred years. Today it is as well established as any other historical fact. Is the religion of Jesus dead? Is the world in doubt in regard to the resurrection of Jesus? No. The millions of honest, faithful, self-sacrificing and devoted followers of Jesus and his teaching, is one mighty witness in its favor. And the fact that the best and most highly civilized people on earth today firmly hold to the resurrection of Jesus, is another witness.

The resurrection of Jesus is interwoven into the entire system of our national, commercial and social life. If Jesus rose not from the dead, what becomes of the multitude of witnesses who testified about the fact? If Jesus is not alive, how about the millions of people who today are paying reverence and homage to him?

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." How about the ministers and teachers and Christian laymen who are constantly teaching and proclaiming his resurrection? A living Jesus? And more than all that, how about the loving and pure souls who are living in the hope of a new and resurrected life, who are sacrificing all things material that they may attain unto the resurrection of Jesus Christ? Jesus said, "I am the resurrection." We may have foretokens, when we have Jesus formed in us, and if we then be risen with Christ let us set our affections upon things above and not upon things upon the earth.

We are reconciled by Christ's death, and saved by his life, by his resurrection. Does our life appear as tho we were worshipping a living Christ or a dead one? Is this resurrected, Christ-life taking on new manifestations? Is it becoming more real, more like the pattern? Will this Easter time be the period in which this Christian life will spring into new activities, and put on the glory of the day worthily?

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, tho he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.

Home Circle

"All Hail!"

CHARLES R. BURKE

As when, across the dreary waste,
The winged messenger of peace,
Sped on her way, in joyful haste,
To hail a sunken world's release,
So, Easter Angels, pure and bright,
Your message bear to waiting ears—
The Lord is risen! In Easter light
A new-created world appears.

O! queenly Lily, bend your head!
The King of kings, your Maker, praise;
And Primrose, from your lowly bed,
To Him your grateful glances raise;
Glad Eagle, mounting toward the Throne,
Praise Him with wings that never tire;
And Sparrow, on the housetop lone,
In your humility aspire.

The Lord is risen! And Heaven to earth
In lowly condescension bends.
The Lord is risen! In His new birth
The weary world to heaven ascends.
The Lord is risen! Blot from your heart
Old memories of sin and wrong.
The Lord is risen! Take now your part
In His eternal Easter song.

—Reformed Church Messenger.

Elsie's Lily

Sidney Dayre.

"O Elsie, what a beautiful lily!"

"Is it yours?"

"Where did you get it?"

"Six flowers on one stalk!"

A dozen or more of Elsie's little friends gathered about her just before the opening of Sunday school. The little maiden's face beamed as they admired her flower.

"Yes, it's mine. It's mine from the very start, because I bought the bulb with my own money. When Jerry dug up the ground, I made the earth all soft with my hands, and Jerry showed me how to plant it. And I have watered it every day except when it rained, and dug about it sometimes when Jerry told me to."

"Your faithful care has been rewarded, little one, as faithful care always is," said her teacher, pausing, as she passed, to admire the white beauty.

"Oh, there was plenty besides what I did," said Elsie. "The sunshine came and shined on it; and the dew, when I was fast asleep. The rain, too. Mother says God sends all his nice things to help us when we try to do things just as well as we can."

"How I wish I had just one of those flowers!"

It was Elsie's very dearest little friend Jessie, who said it, with a wistful face. "I should put it in water, Elsie, and show it to everybody, and I should love you every time I looked at it. It is such a great white beauty!"

"Why, Jessie," said Elsie, a little impatiently, "I couldn't give you one. This is for my teacher, and it is her birthday. It would spoil the stalk to take one off. I am going to take it to her after Sunday school."

"Dear me! I wish my little brother could see that," said a gentle voice at her elbow.

"He's lame and has to sit still all the time, and he never sees a flower."

"If I had one of those," said Susy, another of Elsie's friends, "I'd give it to little Kitty to hold when her arm aches so badly where she burned it. She says it's easier to bear when she has something nice to hold."

Elsie went to her seat with a feeling of annoyance. It was very pleasant to have them admire and praise her flower, but not so pleasant to have it put before her that she might divide its beauty and spoil her plan.

"Of course, I couldn't think of it," she reflected. "It is for a birthday present to Miss Vane. I must give it to her just as it is."

But as she sang the hymns and bowed her head in prayer, other thoughts stole into her heart. Miss Vane was well and happy. A great many people would give her birthday presents. Here was her dear little friend, who would so lovingly regard one of her lilies. There was Ruth with her lame brother, and Susy with her suffering little sister. O dear! could she bear it to spoil the beauty of that stalk?

The lovely flower faces seemed to smile up at her as she questioned herself.

"It would be pretty, even with only three left!"

"Here, Jessie"—she ran after her as she went before her out of the door, breaking off a flower from the stalk.

"O Elsie! you never did." Jessie's eyes shone as Elsie placed the flower in her hand. "You dear, dear!"

But Elsie did not wait to hear more, for she was looking for Ruth and Susy.

"Here," she said, with a smile as sweet as the lilies; "tell little Fred—tell Kitty it is with Elsie's love."

She tripped along the street, bearing in her heart the light of their bright faces. On a corner stood two small children, a boy and a girl, very shabby and forlorn looking, who gazed eagerly at the flowers. As she passed on, they took little runs to get before her, to catch another peep at them. Elsie walked slowly and held the flowers so that they could see.

"If you please, miss," said the boy, "if it ain't makin' too bold, would you jest let me and Polly take a smell o' them flowers? Jest one smell!"

"It'll not take away any of the sweet smell from 'em," said the girl, timidly.

Elsie held the flowers toward them as they sniffed and drew deep breaths. Then, what did the little lily bearer do next?

She broke off two more of the white blossoms and gave them to the children. She stood and watched them as, scarcely taking time to thank her, they dashed away with screams of delight.

Only one lily left, with two or three buds at the top of the stalk.

"I meant to have a nicer present for you," she said to her teacher, "but I have only this and all the love in the world."

Then she told the whole story of her painstaking care, of how it was that after all h